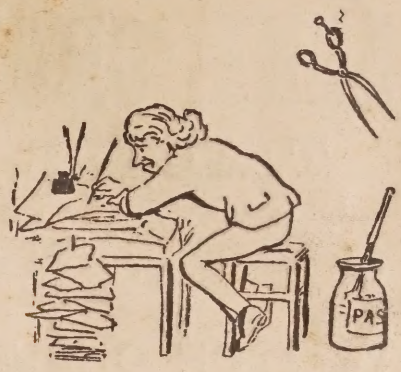
VOL. II] SHANGHAI, JANUARY 1901 [No. 2

THE RATTLE



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THE

RATTLE

Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw—*Pope.*

Vol. II] SHANGHAI, JANUARY 1901 [No. 2

EDITORIAL.

GOOD luck for 1901 (whether the first or the second year of the twentieth century) is the RATTLE's wish for its readers, who by the way are so numerous that something like a wave of prosperity will touch Shanghai when this wish is gratified. We are all glad to part from 1900—a bad year if ever there was one. It is also a comfort to reflect that we shall none of us see the end of another hundred years and that the phrase "*fin de siècle*" may be dropped from our vocabulary. We desire the like sudden death for some at least of the follies which that exotic abomination was supposed to justify. Is the revival of the RATTLE one of them? We are quite modest enough to admit that it is, but to do so would be no true compliment to those who have inspected our wares and adjudged them to be of average quality. Under the circumstances therefore we suggest (though with diffidence) that this revival was one of the redeeming features of an ugly period. The other, of course, was the splendid success of Mr. Tattersall's Lottery. If we think of any more we will mention them in due course. We take this, surely fitting, opportunity of thanking the artists and men of letters who have contributed or promised to contribute to our columns. In earlier days the Editors of the RATTLE had to rely mainly on their own efforts, owing (some said) to their standard of merit being exceedingly high, but really because they had little or nothing to which to apply it. At present their principal occupation is despatching the manuscript of others to the printer and keeping accounts. This is indeed a fortunate state of things, because, as our readers will understand, the management of a great concern like this taxes a limited staff to its utmost capacity. When to the physical labour of reaping the harvest is added the mental anxiety of production, brain fever, elephantiasis, or some other serious ailment is almost sure to follow. What would in such a case become of the RATTLE? The fabric of our fortunes would melt into thin air, and the name of "RATTLE" would sink dishonoured beneath the waters of oblivion. This is mere imagination. The reality would be dreadful.

1900=1901.

He was the last; his days are past;
Let him be laid to rest!
Forget (if you ought) the ill he wrought,
Think only of his best!
But I am the first; so quench your thirst
With any good drink you please,
And cry "All hail" to the newborn male,
The heir of the centuries!

I am yours, you know, for weal or woe,
For your hands to make or mar;
To bare the sword if you speak the word
And call the folk to war;
To sheathe the blade when its part is played
And bid the turmoil cease;
Yours to stain with the blood o' the slain
Or to crown with the crown of peace.

My pulses beat with a generous heat,
I am pure and young and brave:
I am strong for truth: Will you shame my youth?
Shall I cringe as a trodden slave?
As you deal with me may your fortune be,
So let it be dealt to you.
Time will repay at the reckoning day
And mete with the measure due.

O leave to rust in the mire and dust
The toys of an age outworn;
The fitful flash of a smould'ring ash
Pales in the glow of morn;
New hope, new fear, for the young new year
And the sorrow and joy it brings!
Let that which is dead go bury its dead
In the tomb of forgotten things!

EN PASSANT.

TOUCHING conferences and, the rigid exclusion of the sterner sex on a recent occasion from all but the opening chorus and the harlequinade. The billet of lady reporter to the RATTLE has not yet been constituted, but we have valid reasons for believing that many more topics were conferred about than ever crept into the dailies. Let not the too curious reader, however, hope that we are going to set out here an unexpurgated syllabus,—that is far from our intention, even were it in our power; but it is not without interest to follow in fancy what a fair conferor may have said about—shall we say "The Dialectical Evolution of Buddhist Metaphysics." Possibly something like this:—

"Ladies, of course I haven't had much experience—
"I mean I hardly know much how to—anyhow its
"awfully jolly to have Lady Blake up here, and
"whether the weather—no I'm not trying to
"be funny—and it's no use your laughing
"Miss Blogg, you couldn't say Bo to a—well
"I don't mean exactly geese but—really when
"one gets up to speak all one's feelings seem
"to get muddled, and I've forgotten the exact
"subject that I'm down for. O yes, I remember,—
"but I'm only allowed ten minutes and five must
"have gone by now, so I must say at once that
"the Dia—the Dia—well you see the dialect
"round our station is so different from what I
"learnt when I came out last year that—

Here we may imagine a stentorian "Time" from the painstaking secretary, whose husband likes his tiffin sharp at half-past twelve, the pattering of twenty little pairs of gloved hands, and a scramble for muffs and veils.

* * * * *

Medals for the French Volunteers! And after all, why not? Get over the first inclination to laugh and face the question squarely, what evil have they done? And then consider the infinite possibilities which the situation afforded; tucked in there between the City and the silver streak yclept the Yang King Pang, smouldering hostility on the one side and the S.V.C. on the other, 'twas wonderful that nothing happened. How small an ebullition of the Gallic temperament and the Yangtsze might have been in a blaze, all same Thames. For our part we heartily commend the action of the high authorities in urging on the home government the desirability of shewing some recognition of this effort: and almost the only, certainly the best, form that this recognition can take, is a medal.

* * * * *

In ordinary circles we read from left to right,
And when we come to *uno*, why, we stop:
But folks there are whose intellects are not exactly bright
Who tried to smuggle *juncta* on the top.

This silly claim to precedence made discord in the spheres,
For *omnia*, in possession, wouldn't swop:
Neither circulars nor interviews nor e'en a flow of tears
Could budge him from position, on the top.

Now "*labor vincit omnia*," as everybody knows,
And finally they had him on the hop:
But turning round to substitute—well *juncta*, we suppose,
They found the wily "you know" on the top.

* * * * *

It was a mournful little party on Thursday that bore old "Lum" Barker to his last resting-place. Few of those who were present could have remembered him in his prime, but he had the same cheery smile for the latest arrived griffin as for a "hand" of thirty years' standing, and among those present at Pahsienjao that chill afternoon might have been noticed representatives of all sections of our many-sided community.

'Twas but six weeks ago that a friend accosted Lum in the Club with the observation "We're doddering on;" his face glowed with the fire of forty summers in Shanghai and a well stored memory as he replied "We are indeed." He little thought how soon his words were to be verified.

Well, well, the survivors of Muddy Flat may almost be counted on the fingers of one hand; soon we may use the thumb by itself; and after that—the dark.

DAWN.

JERUSALEM ARTICHOKES.

Boil it, my love; and after boiling spread
That customary sauce upon its head:
Then bid our foe to dinner and observe
How fools step in where angels fear to tread.

O. K.

TWO POINTS OF VIEW.

THE COLONEL.—Much brighter news from the Yangtsze, I see!

STARVING BRITISH MERCHANT *(eagerly)*.—Yes?

THE COLONEL.—Rather! they say the fat's in the fire at last, and we're going to have a glorious turn up all round.

[*Collapse of S.B.M.*]

A WARNING.

[*Delayed in transmission.*]

You who would make, as brokers will,
A deal in shares for Tom or Bill
(Men from whose coffers, be it said,
The Merry Mexican has fled)
And, not with any base intent,
But only anxious to prevent
Your finger-tips from being burned,
Propose to sign "For the concerned"—
Reflect, before you try it on
With Obadiah Jenkinson!
Reflect! Be warned! I see the day
When you will be compelled to pay;
When Buz-fuz with elusive grace
Will sketch the outline of a case
And roundly undertake to show
That two and two are five or so,
By witnesses who all combine
To swear that four and four are nine.

In vain the quibbling advocate
Will urge that four and four are eight
Or dare his lordship to concur
With any mere "*non sequitur*."
Such talk cannot prevail with one
Like Obadiah Jenkinson.
Enthroned above the vulgar floor
(Embodiment of learned lore)
Hear Justice speak "It seems to me
That two and two are more than three;
So while I very much dissent
From Mr. Buz-fuz' argument,
And while I find but little weight
In what the witnesses relate,
I shall give judgment all the same
In favour of the present claim."
The public with applausive hum
Murmurs "O Lord! A Daniel come!"
While you, a sadder, wiser man,
Fork out and snigger—if you can.

INTERCEPTED CONVERSATION

AT A

C. C. DANCE.

CAN you spare me one dance, Miss Robinson?—So sorry, but I am quite full up—Not dancing this, old man? Come and have a drink in the billiard-room?—So sorry, but I had a lot of short drinks before dinner and I'm quite full up—So he went dressed as a rickshaw coolie and the hall-porter wouldn't let him in, until he showed that his pig-tail was detachable and—There's likely to be a military wedding shortly: great fun, you know; all the officers go in uniform and dance a sword-dance or something in the vestry, I believe—The handicapping was rather absurd; Williams can give me fifty and a licking every day of the week, but I am down to give him—One kiss, Miss Daisy, remember, when the mistletoe is up, please—Never mix the colour of your drinks or your sandwiches and you'll never have a head in the morning. Stick to the same colour—Though I never saw anyone put it on more inartistically, and yet she told me she thought it wrong to use paint or rouge. She really has the cheek of—A Missionary, my boy, and I never knew it, till he struck at old Mascham's story about the archbishop being introduced by mistake to the barmaid and—She caught up her hockey-stick and deliberately hit her when the referee was looking the other way, so she turned round and said—How do I like Shanghai? Oh! an awfully nice place, but we hardly came to China to dance, dontcherknow. However—Those wretched pipers struck up just at that moment, and the mafoo lost control of the horse and off we went to—Woosung, though the shooting is more or less played out now, but you can always be sure of—A row on the hockey-ground. I think I dislike mixed hockey almost as much as mixed bathing. Now this question whether spectators should be allowed to watch ladies practising has agitated the dovecots for quite—One second, old chap, I must just run up and ask Mrs. Brown if she will forgive me for—Such language as I never wish to hear again on the Shanghai football ground. It was only fit for—The Women's Conference, the second time it was held. You know all the men had been cleared out, and just as the Conference was breaking up, a short, stout lady with a thick veil was discovered to be a middy from one of the ships. Of course the boy was reported to the Admiral, who gave him—Two hundred dollars, though the thing was not worth fifty. However, I had let myself in—By the door, over there. Thank you *so* much, I am always leaving it about. What a lot of trouble I am giving you! And my programme, please; I think I must have dropped it in—The bathroom as usual was full of Army and Navy chaps and I couldn't get a tub for—A couple of years, when we expect to return to India, but of course no one can tell whether—It was the oysters, I am sure; and he was laid up for a fortnight, poor chap, and—Married the girl after all though—The place is very different to what it was a few years ago when—I think you gave me this dance. Oh, of course, if your programme shews—A tissue of lies, sir, from beginning to end, but what else can you expect from—The man who was consecrated the other day, you know. It was a great ceremony. Most impressive, but rather tedious, and about half-way through I got up and—Sang "What ho! She bumps," by special request. Most of us had never heard it before. We must get hold of him for our next Smoker—He only wants feeding up a bit and very light work for the present—And when I get up in the morning I very often—Think it is time to go to bed. Good-night.

A BRACE OF BIRDS.

SOME OF SHANGHAI'S DEFENDERS, 1900.

THE LADIES' DAY.

The sun had set and the Hunt was done,
To the Club came the ladies one by one ;
They didn't go down to the garden trim,
For the season was suited to no such whim.
Ev'ry dame was in gay attire,
Ev'ry one sat down by the fire,
Ev'ry one had a cup of tea,
And thus two sang in major key :
Oh ! to-morrow will be Sunday,
So we did not golf to-day,
Oh ! to-morrow will be Sunday,
So we'll wait till then before we play.

Next day they went to the links so trim,
And played till the ball refused to swim,
They fished away for an hour more
And cut the players who shouted "Fore."
They fished and fished for the missing ball
(The links on the Sabbath are free to all)
Till at length one said "It seems to me
We'd better give up and go home to tea."
Oh ! this, you know, is Sunday
And it's called the Ladies' Day,
Oh ! this, you know, is Sunday,
But we've lost our ball and cannot play.

So back to the Club they drove in state,
Ladies very disconsolate,
Almost moved to the shedding of tears,
For the grand old ball they had loved for years.
But deep in her pocket one has found
A black remake that is far from round,
So they sip their tea and both declare
That they'd rather play with a ball that's square.
Oh ! to-morrow will be Monday,
We've had no golf to-day,
Oh ! to-morrow will be Monday,
So we'll wait till then before we play.

THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

We are glad to learn from our good old contemporary, the *N.-C. Daily Missionary Recorder*, that the Rev. Filbert Greed is still persevering with his Peking Club for rich Mandarins.

There can be no doubt that this is the right way to soften the hearts of obdurate re-actionists. Fancy what delicate points might be discussed in a friendly way over a game of snookers between Kang Yi, Prince Ching, and Sir Ernest? or what concessions might be won at a small hand of poker between Conger and Li Hung-chang?

The widows and orphans in Europe and America who have contributed their mites will be glad to know that none but vintage wines are to be supplied by a distinguished M.P., while a cocktail expert has been engaged from the United States Senate.

Drinks, like all else at this noble institution, will be free. After all said and done why should the poor dear mandarins pay for anything? It is not their way. The accounts will be audited by H.E. Shêng.

Special attention has been paid to the gymnasium, where the latest pattern of gloves will be supplied to Boxers, and a French professor will give instruction in the use of the bayonet.

It is sad to think that the Rev. Filbert has so far only collected one hundred thousand taels for this most laudable object, and it is to be hoped that the school children of Shanghai will each put by a month's pocket money to help on the good work, and that the thirteen hundred Protestant missionaries now here, who have run away from their posts and have left their converts to be massacred, will hold a conference on this subject and give us some more of their views on the iniquity of Shanghai. The details may not always be fit for publication but, dear me, how we revel in them, and it does seem a bit hard to be called to order when we are really getting at the facts about cotton mill girls.

In order to lend a helping hand we intend starting a prophecy competition. Each competitor will deposit 5,000 dollars, and the prophecies will be opened in the year 2000, when the prize will be handed over to the survivor whose guess is nearest to the mark. In the meantime the interest on the deposits will be divided between the Imperial Institute and the Editors of this journal.

To make some slight atonement for the awful sin committed by Great Britain in forcing opium on the country it has been decided that none but the native-grown drug, specially cultivated on Li Hung-chang's own farms, shall be used in the smoking-room.

There has been considerable discussion as to whether ladies should or should not be admitted to the Club, but as the Empress Dowager has kindly consented to kiss each lady visitor and to present each with a roll of silk, it has been arranged to admit such Ministers' wives as have large feet.

The library has been the subject of most careful attention and will, we hope, at no distant period take the place of the late lamented Hanlin, peace to its ashes. The German Emperor has kindly supplied a copy of his famous Nochinamanlookingaskanceatagermanforathousandyears speech which will be filed with the terms of peace now under discussion. A special feature will be copies of our learned Minister's books on Japan, while no less interesting will be Count Cassini's secret treaty bound up with Li Hung-chang's safe deposit receipts from the Russo-Chinese Bank and the originals of Shêng's truthful telegrams during the siege of Pekin.

THE TRIALS OF AN

KUANG HSÜ.—Don't get excited, Auntie! I've just had an invitation to run over to Peking and spe

EMPRESS DOWAGER.—Silence, undutiful wretch. How dare you appear before us clothed in the

Kuang Hsü goes nowhere unless his Aunt the

EMPRESS DOWAGER.

Christmas with Waldersee and the other boys, and I propose to have a regular good old . . . . .
lish garments of the barbarian slaves! Go to your room at once, and remember once and for all that
press Dowager is included in the invitation.

REVIEW.

BAEDEKER'S CHINA.

The latest Edition of the world-renowned Baedeker has extended its descriptive pages to China, and we reproduce here an extract (to which we have obtained exclusive copyright) from its paragraphs on Shanghai :—

"For those who are seeking a haunt that will "combine lovely scenery, freedom from excessive heat, "pure air and quietude, Shanghai is altogether desir- "able. Lying on the broad estuary in the middle of "the wide sweep of the limpid Whangpoo, nestling "under precipitous stacks and soaring godowns, and "decked in its environs with bosky covers, sylvan "glades and waving corn [? paddy. ED.] it occupies "a romantic position that few places can rival. In it "are focussed the many and varied beauties of river, "hill and coast scenery. For the young, the robust and "the old it alike caters, and visitors can stroll along "wide-reaching, firm, level sands, fish in the Soochow "creek or take a sail out to sea, whichever appeals to "them most strongly.

"Shanghai could not by any stretch of the im- "agination be considered a fashionable watering place ; "but for those in search of a quiet country resort, at "once healthy and economical, few better can be found. "Sheltered, as it is, from the North by outlying woods, "at all times of the year resonant with the happy songs "of birds, Shanghai during the summer months is said "to equal Torquay in the mildness of its air, and is "largely resorted to by those afflicted with diseases of "the respiratory organs. The etymology of the name "of the town (*Shang* 上 'a smell' and *hai* 海 'hea- "ven'—'a heavenly smell') is an instance of how "thoroughly the Chinese appreciate the attractions of "this pleasant spot.

"The Whangpoo affords one of the most con- "venient places in China for boating, either with sail or "by oar. The beach all the way from the Public "Gardens to the further end of the Chinese Bund "affords an easy and commodious landing at all states "of the tide, and, as it is situated in a well sheltered "harbour where there is little traffic, aquatic pursuits "are largely indulged in.

"That part of the town set aside for the residence "of foreigners has aptly been called the 'Model "Settlement.' There the suave Chinaman on pigeon "[sic. ED.] bent bustles along, and the gladsome coolie "(grateful for the protection afforded him by those "whom he realises as belonging to a more intelligent "race) may be seen to wend with his burden his happy "way, tuning his supple song as he goes.

"The Public Authority or 'Municipal Council' "(as it is termed) has been for many years the pillar "of justice, considerateness and concord (hence its "motto of 'omnia juncta in uno') and, inflexible in "its dealings with land-grabbers, has always been "open to persuasion where the interests of the rate- "payers are at stake or where principles European are "likely to conflict with customs Chinese.

"The excessive morality of the town has well "been ascribed to the numbers of missionaries who "follow their pious calling within its walls.

"Altogether Shanghai is well called 'The Jewel "of Asia,' and the feelings of the immortal bard can "be appreciated when he wrote—

"*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes*
"*Angulus ridet.*"

"During the summer evenings the Municipal "Band discourses sweet music in the Public Gardens "where the beauty and fashion of Shanghai are "gathered together. When the Volunteers turn out, "it is the Band with their well-fitting tunics, proud "bearing and martial appearance that strikes terror "into the heart of the cowering Mongol.

"From the summit of that noble pile, the Pagoda, "a fine panorama can be seen embracing three pro- "vinces. Open Mondays and Thursdays from 10 to "dusk. Adults $1. Children half-price. The money "(under the patronage of the U.S. Consul General) "goes to the Taotai's fund for supplying the local "gentry with nail-scissors.

"The Club Bar is the largest and most thriving "in the East and is supported entirely by voluntary "contributions. [N.B.—The Shanghai Club is used "exclusively by foreigners.]

"Among manufactures are yarns [The 'Bunder "homespun' is considered the most fashionable].

"To intending visitors we strongly recommend "the Central Hotel. It is a comfortable and quiet "hostelry and is within 5 minutes walk—or 20 minutes "by ricksha—of the Museum, the Cathedral and the "Police Station."

To Lucy.

[*On the back of a programme brushed up with the dust and broken glass on the morning of 1st December 1900.*]

Not a note you hear of the maddening dance,
As the menu you con with pleasure ;
No item escapes your searching glance,
For this is your hour of leisure.

I wait you sadly, punctual quite,
On the spot where I often found you,
In the dazzling ball-room's garish light,
With the butterfly crowd around you.

No useless expression leaves my breast,
No solace I find in swearing ;
But I stand like a wallflower taking its rest,
While the other folks are pairing.

Oh, a man may sneer if a girl gives up
His dance (men are so hasty);
But little you care if one lets you sup
And the haggis is hot and tasty.

SOME OF SHANGHAI'S DEFENDERS, 1900.

ROUND THE CAMP.

BLUSHING BALUCHI.—"Allah is great! but these things do beat mine understandings."

WORRY.

When I was young and fair
I met a millionaire,
A reg'lar wild and woolly sort of bounder
He was more than partly mad,
But he paid for what he had,
As many don't whose intellects are sounder.
"My chuck," he used to say,
"I've a thousand pounds a day,
"Though you wished to spend it all you couldn't do it."
But I said "Just let me try!"
He did—and may I die
If I didn't pretty nearly worry through it.

He bought for me a horse,
A thoroughbred, of course,
And just about as playful as a kitten;
When I got upon its back
It shook me like a sack
And I lost my seat as quick as this is written;
But I found a hedge of thorn,
And my what's-their-names were torn,
And the rent was where 'twas difficult to view it,
Namely rather in arrear,
And had any one been near
I'd have really had a lot of worry through it.

I never was the same
Since I tried this little game;
I think my nerves had suffered from the knocking;
For I used to sit and shake
While I saw a rat or snake,
And the way the creatures pestered me was shocking.
The doctor was so kind,
And he said "Oh, never mind,
Your system's rather weak, we must renew it;
Ten drops of this a day."
I chucked the stuff away—
But I managed, as you see, to worry through it.

Well this was long ago;
Now my funds are rather low,
So many a time I'm short of bread and butter;
And that is how it is
That a thimblefull of "fiz"
Pretty generally lands me in the gutter.
And that's the reason why
The copper hurt his eye
And found himself before he hardly knew it
Lying peaceful underneath
With his thumb between my teeth
And hoping that I wouldn't worry through it!

THE TYRANNY OF AH KUM.

The morn is grey, and with her tray
And tranquil look of far away
She smilingly proclaims the day.

She bids me rise, nor heeds my sighs ;
The droop of my unwilling eyes
Bespeaks a morning sacrifice.

'Tis hers to choose the skirt and shoes,
Nor dare I stomacher refuse,
Save subtly by an artful ruse.

She braids my hair, nor can I ere
Be mistress of its daily wear :
She readjusts it then and there.

What meats I fancy I should think
Were my concern, as too my drink,
But no, my views I have to sink.

Hers to command while I obey,
Hers to receive and mine to pay,
Until at length will come a day

When, from submission to attack,
Upon the past I turn my back,
And give the good old soul the sack.

CONUNDRUM.

Q.—Why wouldn't the bat bat ?

A.—Because the fieldfare wouldn't field fair.

M. H.

ONE MORE OF SHANGHAI'S DEFENDERS, 1900.

NOTICE TO MARINERS.

A lighthouse has been established on the end of the Great Wall!

Shades of Hsi Hwang-ti and Yunglo!!

A Primer of Oriental Anthropolgy.

No. I.—*The Sikh.*

Here, lit-tle dar-lings, is a Sikh,
His ne-ther limbs are long and weak
From stand-ing in the street all day
And bid-ding rick-shaws go a-way.
See what he wears up-on his head,
A gor-geous tur-ban, where 'tis said
He of-ten keeps a nest of mice,
Which sure-ly is not ve-ry nice.
When you are big, if you should be
In the Mu-ni-ci-pal-i-ty,
The Sikh would say to you "Sa-laam!"
As sweet-ly as a black baa lamb.
But if (O fie!) you combed the beach,
And of the peace should make a breach,
Al-though his ne-ther limbs are thin
The Sikh would prompt-ly run you in,
And would not give a tin-ker's d——
If you then said to him "Sa-laam!"
Learn to be so-ber, chaste and meek,
And ne-ver hide from a-ny Sikh.

A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY.

Down in the Gardens, where soft breathed
The music of the band,
The Flapper and the Midshipman
Were walking hand in hand.
"If this could only last," she said,
"Oh! wouldn't it be grand?

"But sailors have in every port
"A sweetheart, so men say,
"Ah! dear, will you be true to me
"When you are far away?"—
E'en as she spoke the band began
Love's Old Sweet Song to play.

The Flapper and the Midshipman
Walked on a yard or so,
Until they happed upon a seat
Conveniently low;
And, as they sat, the Middy's arm
About her waist did go.

"Dear love," he cried, the time has come
"A sad farewell to say,
"My ownest own, remember me
"When I am far away,
"And I will come and wed you, sweet,
"When I've a bit more pay."

"Oh! Middy dear," the Flapper cried,
"Banish these craven fears
"That I shall not be true to thee,
"Though I may wait for years!"—
"Good-bye, sweetheart," the Middy said,
—They kissed again with tears.

It happened that the Subaltern,
Returning from the Club,
Perceived the parting of the two
Behind a shelt'ring shrub.
"A tasty bit," he said,——He was
A very Junior Sub.

Next evening, where the lisping waves
Caress the Garden-strand,
The Flapper and the Subaltern
Were walking hand in hand;
And they were there ostensibly
To listen to the band.

Six weeks had passed, and on the pier
To which all men repair
In far off Southsea, where the skies
(And all the maids) are fair,
The Midshipman was talking to
A girl with golden hair.

Now three months back, upon that pier,
'Neath night's protecting shade,
The self-same youthful Subaltern
And eke that fair-haired maid
Had plighted troth, the while the band
When Other Lips had played.

For such is Life! While waves shall beat,
And stars shall wink above,
And bands shall play, and Flappers flap,
——Wherever they may rove,
A Middy and a Junior Sub
Must always be in love.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DULCIE—We should strongly advise you to employ Madame X. Orders addressed *c/o* THE RATTLE will have prompt attention. You should supply family history yourself, but she will add local colour and work up the whole into a vivid and picturesque narrative. You need not invite her to the wedding.

WAITING—If you are right in supposing that the postage has been paid, it is useless to expect the B. P. O. to move in the matter. You should send your own coolie round periodically to enquire.

THE SITUATION.

Mysterious, evasive, undefined—
A cloudy pillar shot with lurid flame,
A quiet angry snake, a crazy game
Of madmen playing for an orange rind—
How shall I dare to speak of thee? The mind
Recoils in terror half and half in shame
Before the monstrous riddle of thy name:
In short, dear Bob, your offer is declined.
I will not prophesy, yet there be men,
Aye, men indeed there be who do not fear
The task of guessing things beyond their ken;
Tea-tasters, languid till the spring is here,
Brokers, who snatch a moment now and then,
And Consuls, who have leisure all the year.

N. B.

The Editors of the "RATTLE" invite contributions of light articles, verse, and sketches. [Humourous rather than sentimental verse preferred, and short articles rather than long.] Sketches should be in pen and ink, to facilitate reproduction, and in clear outline rather than detail work. MSS. and drawings which the Editors are unable to publish will be returned to the sender. The Editors will not be liable, however, for loss or damage.

Anonymous contributions politely ignored.

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